

## Tornado Alley

Graham Parker

You used to swing your big ole breasts around town  
For every man to get a good look  
You used to hang your lingerie upside down  
Out in the sun to cook  
But when that twister rolled through Kentucky  
And ripped up our trailer park  
I saw your big butt flyin' through the window  
And the hound dogs started to bark  
And you ain't givin' me grief no more  
Tornado alley has evened up the score

You used to wear a bullseye on your satin slip  
For every man to throw his dart  
The whisky bottle lived under the kitchen sink  
With your perfume from K-Mart  
Then you quit your job at the Chinese laundry  
And it pissed off real good  
You started hangin' out at the methadone clinic  
A shame on the neighborhood  
And you ain't givin' me grief any more, baby  
Tornado alley has evened up the score

Your big blonde wig and your floppy hat  
Disappeared as the wind came through  
I hung on to your Siamese cat  
But that's the last I saw of you, yeah

You used to bash your Bible on the street corner  
Like an evangelical fool  
But I know your little friend in the dog collar  
Had his hands all over you  
They say that Jesus suffered for our sins  
Hell, he didn't suffer for mine  
Take that Bible up into the whirlwind  
I hope you all have a good time  
And you ain't givin' me grief no more, baby  
Tornado alley has evened up the score